

EUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION,

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27.

PER MONTH.

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## TWO TO ONE!"

The SUNDAY WORLD'S Record for the Last Thirteen Sundays.

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THE SUNDAY WORLD Has DOUBLE the CIB. CULATION of any other Sunday newspaper in Europe or America And the Circulation Books and Newsdealers' Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

### WORLDLINGS.

The senior lady among the wives of the Justices of the Supreme Court is Mrs. Miller, whose social experiences in Washington extend She is of English parentage, her father having been a Baptist minister in Bristol.

Mrs. G. W. Floyd, of Memphis, claims to be the original lady whistler. He husband was captain of a river steamboat, and she used often in former days to entertain the passengers in the cabin by whistling and singing to them.

The humorists of Congress are Allen, Mississippi; Tarsney, of Michigan; William E. Mason, of Illinois, and William G. Laidlaw, of

The resemblance between Congressma n, of Ohio, and Congressman Holmes, of Iowa, is so striking that people not intistely acquainted with them frequently mistake one for the other.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.



A Few of the Many Letters of Thanks fo Their Christmas Gifts to the Poor. They Were Remembered.

I hereby send you my heartfelt thanks for the present you sent to fill our Christmas stocking. It was the only present. We asked God's blessing for all the kind people who remember the poor.

B. Cope.

Your message came duly to hand inclosing eash from your readers' fund. With many thanks, and blessings on your paper and friends, I remain West Fisty-First St.

Another Little Heart Delighted.

Preceived my Christmas present this evening, and return many thanks for the kindness of your readers.

I hope that you will please every little heart as well as mine.

G. SULLIVAN. G. SULLIVAN. 672 Water street, Dec. 24.

Little Essie's Thanks

To My Very Dear Santa Claus I am very thankful for the present you sent. I will not spend it for toys or candies, but for something to cat, which we will enjoy more, and shall ever pray for your generous readers. Essie Mack.

More Gratitude.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Through the kindheartedness of your readers I received some cash and some clothing which I am very grateful for. Chathin Pierson, 36 Cherry street, city.

Another Acknowledgement. To the Editor of The Evening World:

The present sent me by your readers received, and was so glad to think we were not forgotten, as we needed it. MAMIE SHEPHERD, 148 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street.

More Thanks to Our Renders.

Please accept the sincere thanks of two fatherless little ones, whose Christmas would have been a cold one, indeed, had it not been for the noble, generous Evening World readers. The Ray family also wish to extend readers. The Ray family also wish to extend their thanks for the turkey. which was very nice, and most gladly received. It was a big surprise and could you fully know the deep, beartfelt gratitude and joy the present brought, you would indeed know it was bette. to give than to receive.

G. P., Greenwich street,

Our Renders' Generosity Appreciated.

To the Editor of The Evening World . I heartily thank you and your readers for the pleasure you gave my poor home for Christmas. The sunlight seemed to reach every corner on Christmas morning. My little boys were rejoicing with joy over all the good things they saw before them. It is nine years since my husband died and I never had such a happy Christmas. May God bless The Evening World giver and may God give it back to him a thousandfold.

Frances J. Kolderuft,

350 East Twelfth street. every corner on Christmas morning. My

Limiting His Vocabulary.

"Mr. Jordleson," said the editor-in-chief kindly to the new man on the staff, "you will be expected to , refrain from using such worn-out expected to, refrain from using such worn-out of unnecessary phrases as 'we are pleased to chronicle.' 'we regret to state, 'we are pained to notice, 'the usual quiet of our city,' last and rites, 'a most enjoyable occasion.' passed off quietly,' was attended by the clite of the city,' on the tapis,' 'the happy couple, 'dc.'

The new man resigned at the end of the week, He was accustomed to being paid by the column.'

My Miraculous Cure.



## GLEAMS FOR A RAINY DAY. TWO OF THEM DEAD,

SOME CHEERFUL ITEMS TO DRIVE AWAY THE BLUES.

Too Heavy.



Mr. J. Hatchet-Is this the way to the editoria

Mr. J. H.-I have some jokes here to show the Comic editor.

Boy-Then you will have to take the freight elevator, two doors to the left,

Time's Revenges.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)
Winks-I hear that Anarchistic fury, Mrs. Parsons, is to marry the editor of a Socialist minks (emphatically)—Serves him right.

A Pleasant Reminder. [From the Courrier des Etats Units.]

Jenkins, writing to thank his aunt for a large

goose she has sent him for his Xmas dinner. \*aya:
You could not have sent me a more acceptable present, or one that would have reminded me of you more pleasantly."

He Didn't Mind. [From the Norristown Herald.]
"Twe a good mind to pitch you out," said the

peronaut to a young companion, when the bal-oon was at an elevation of 20,000 feet above terra firma.

You can't frighten me with any such threat, "said the young man, coolly." I rode down a half-mile toboggan slide last Winter." An Inconsistency in Rank.

'' Please don't forget, my boy, that you are to e a future General in the army of the United States of America, " said the old officer to his son during a West Point call. "I'll try not to, father," was the reply. "By the way, who was that old gentleman you spoke to on the parade this afternoon?" "Oh, that was Second Lieut. Hoggsby, retired. He graduated a class shead of me, I believe." And the boy began to think.

About Providence. [From Trans Stylings.]
A.—Providence is wonderful, ain't it?

B.—What makes you think so? Everything is foreseen. Each month has its vegetable products—potatoes, oats, beans, asparagus, &c. Then comes the fruits—apples, grapes, &c., and as soon as the season for fruits is over the season for preserves, and jellies, and sansages, and buckwheats arrives. I tell, you, Providence is the boss.

Somewhat Discouraging.

A German nobleman had two sons who were reported to be rather fast boys. One of them was a clerk in a bank, and the other was an

flicer in the army.
"How are your sons coming on?" asked a How are your sons coming on?" asked a friend.

"Bad enough!" replied the father. "The one in the bank, who ought to be drawing drafts, spends all his time in hunting, and the one in the army, who ought to be busy shooting, is always drawing drafts on me for money."

An Economical Man

There are some men who cannot comprehend that very frequently in life the game is not worth the candle. Ben Jackson was one of them.

"That makes the tenth match you have struck. What are you looking for?" asked his roommate one evening as Ben was striking a match and looking under the table.
"I dropped a match, and I am trying to find it," replied Ben.

Leap Year's Last Notch.

Year's Last Notch.

[Prom Table Table, 1
Young Lionel, to tell the truth
Called somewhat oft on Isabel.

Twas hard to say, from day to day,
With what precise intent he went;
Mid persiflage and badinage,
Sped on the hours, and not a sign
There was of motive or design,
Nor any trace of sentiment.

Now, Isabel, who liked him well,
Was fain to hasten Lione!
In proper way, to plainly say
Exactly what intent he meant,
For persiflage and badinage
Amuse one, but they give no sign
Of matrimonial design.
If unalloyed with sentiment,

So Lionel, it soon befell.

Observed a change in Isabel.

She turned away from triles gay.
Her manner, coy but gentle, lent
To persifinge and badinage
A subtle meaning, and a sign
Of something—if twere not design—
Decidedly like sentiment.

Thus Isabel contrived so well
That, pleased and flattered, Lionel
Became one day, her willing prey;
For knowing not her bent, he went—
Left persiflage and badinage—
And plumply said to her, "Be mine!"
Since then, twere fair to state, in fine,
No lack there is of sentiment.

The Terrible Parlor Samson.



Miss Calumet-Mr. Chatterton seems very

Elderly Rival-Oh. yes, we call him the Parlor Samson at the club.
Miss C.—Why is that 7
E. R. (savagely)—Because, with the jaw of an
see he has slain thousands.

Coming Events.

Concert and ball of the Swedish Hundred Men's Society, Beethoven Hall, 210 Fifth street, Saturday evening. Annual ball of the Eastern Stars, Harmonie Booms, 145 Essex street, Saturday evening. Annual ball of boarding and livery stable en ployees of the city of New York, at Wendel's Assembly Rooms, 334 West Forty-fourth street. Thursday evening, Jan. 3.

Musical and literary entertainment of the Young Men's Association of the Temple Beth-El, as the Temple, Sixty-third street and Lexington avenue, this evening.

Those Quadruplets Born to Mr. and Mrs. De Groote.

Four Little Queens That Came to a Millbury Family.

Parents and Neighbors Excited Over the Remarkable Event.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 27.—Alice, the largest of the four girls to which Mrs. Frank De Groote, of Millbury, gave birth Nov. 2, lied Tuesday night. The smallest, Lillian, died at the age of four weeks. Only two of the quartet are left alive, and

A CALL ON THE QUADRUPLETS.

ooth are ailing.

Going down Elm street from the Town Hall, crossing the track of the Providence and Worcester Railroad and moving away over the stone-strewn hills the traveller in this section of Massachusetts soon comes to a large two-story white house standing on top of a gravelly knoll and commanding a fine view of the farming country which lies in the valley of the turbulent and anarchistic Blackstone River. Around the house are fields and fields, stretching away to other fields, which adjoin still other fields, until the un-dulating surface dips below the horizon and rolls on and on to other counties and other States. It is a calm country landscape, not pretty in its outlines, and not repulsive either, but just an ordinary view of fields and pastures and woods such as one can see in a hundred other towns of the good old Bay

The bouse is square and white and home like. It has large square rooms on the first floor and a great many bedrooms on the sec-ond. The cupboards are filled with dishes of household use, and the closets are packed with clothing used by the family. In the shed are piles of dry wood that will give heat



during the short Winter days and the long Winter nights. In the barn are bays full of sweet hay which will make up the Winter menu of the patient cattle that stand rubbing their necks at the stanch-ons and chewing their cuds in time-killing ease. like lotus-eaters, who dream a new dream for every falling sand in the hourglass. In the day-time a pair of terra-cotta oxen stand voked together by a big haystack back of the barn, pulling out timothy and clover and winking and wondering why people have to work while they are allowed to live in idleness.

When the wind blows from the south they go to the north side of the stack. When a norther prevails they are on the south side. THREE OF THE POUR.

go to the north side of the stack. When a norther prevails they are on the south side. That is all. If one should ask them why they did so they could not tell. It is the instinct of self-preservation. They are warmer on the lee side. They like warmth, therefore they go where it is. Like shrewd politicians, they prefer to be with the winning party and to have all the soft jobs they can get.

On the morning of Nov. 2 an open wagon drove up this big white house, and a small, pale-faced woman got out. She leaped to the ground like a girl, and ran, laughing, to the door of the house, while the horse wandered nway to the haystack and began to take its dinner with the terra-cotta oxen.

away to the haystack and began to take its dinner with the terra-cotta oxen.

A stern-visaged, blue-eyed woman came to the door and held her hand to her forehead to shield her eyes from the sun. She was between fifty and sixty years of age, and a widow. Her name was Mrs. Nudick, a German woman, straight, slim and well preserved.

served You have come to pass the day with me.

feed and clothe a wife and five small children. Sometimes she felt that marriage was a failure. She worked hard and tried to be economical, but bills would come in, and how she was going to get through the winter was a question that harassed her day and night. The rich had so much and the poor so little. She liked the good things of this life as well as anybody, but now, at thirty-one years of age, and after? twelve years of fuarried life and hard endeavor, she saw gray hairs coming, and could find no recompense for all her labors. But there are the children," suggested

"I know it. I know it. But the time when they will be earning is a long ways off, and they eat and wear out clothes dreadfully. I am nearly discouraged."

am nearly discouraged."
''God never sent a mouth without sending bread to fill it," was the mother's observa-Perhaps so, but there will be another to

oon, and we are as poor now as I want to It is expensive to raise babies. I don't be, It is expensive to the want any more."

What she wanted, or what she did not want What she wanted, bowever, in this interest of the best started.

was not considered, however, in this in stance. She was taken ill while she talked, stance. She was taken ill while she talked, and at her mother's request she took off her blue and white satin dress and laid down. A doctor was called. Before he arrived a five-pound girl baby was born. It was a pretty little thing with brown hair and big blue eyes that looked out wonderingly upon the small dark room where it was born.

"Another girl," said Mrs. Nudick, When the decry remed at the deer a see

When the doctor rapped at the door a second girl was born. It weighed four and hree-quarter pounds, and boked as much like its predecessor as one twin looks like other.
"It is twins, doctor," remarked Mrs. Nu-ck, as she helped him take off his overcost.
"Why, bless me, she is doing nicely," was

Why, bless me, she is doing nicely," was the doctor's reply.

When they again entered the room another girl, the third of the series, had been born. It weighed four pounds and a half and be-longed to the same family as those who had

come before
"Triplets," said the doctor. "Triplets," said the doctor.

"Oh, dear, what will Anna do, and what will Frank say?" was Mrs. Nudick's observation. Before these questions were settled the fourth and last chapter in this romance of girls was given to the world, and then the cool and candid doctor, who had stood unmoved by a hundred death-beds and seen his trusting natients alip on the robes of mortality before his eyes, and been powerless to stop the flight of passing souls, even he grew excited.

grew excited.

"Bless my soul," said he, "I wonder if there are any more." But no more came. It was the last and least of the lot, and on the whole was one of the smallest babies that ever visited this earth. The length of its body from head to crown was 11½ mches. The weight was just three pounds. Its head

was about as big as a good-sized orange and its fingers were no bigger than the claws of an English sparrow. They hastily wrapped it in some soft, warm goods, and placed it on a pillow for fear it would get lost in the creased foldings of the bed.

'Anna, you have got four nice little girls," said her mother.

"Anna, you have got four nice little girls," said her mother.

"And four and five make nine. Oh, dear." The doctor took out his watch and looked at it in nervous haste, the big clock on the mantlepiece struck 12, a brown and red rooster on the back.yard fence crowed loud and long, as if he were celebrating a Democratic victory.

"My gracious," said Mrs. Nudick. "I must look at that soup or it will scoreh the kettle.

kettle.
Of course there were big times in the twostory white house after this, and the neighbors from the country-side poured in with
congratulations and condolences. If one of
the townspeople had been elected President
the place would not have been more stirred

the place would not have been more stirred up.

While the women of the neighborhood were "Oh-ing" and "Ah-ing." two men started down the street and across the track at a sharp trot, running a sprint race to see who could first reach the father. He had dropped his hammer, taken off his apron, and was washing up preparatory to eating his dinner. The employees of Charles Bush's chisel factory were rushing out and going home to their midday meal when the leader of the race bounded in at the deor and shook the sturdy little German by the hand and laughed and shook again.

"You are a dandy, Frank," said he. "I congratulate you, old man."

"What for?"

"No. What is it? Has she got a baby?" and the face grew serious.

"Haven't heard about your wife, then?"

"No. What is it? Has she got a baby?"
and the face grew serious.

"Baby? Well, I should say she had.
Baby? Why, Frank, she has made herself
and you famous forever, and beaten the
record all to pieces."

"What is it, a girl?"

"Yes, it is a girl, and another girl, and
another, and still another. Your wife has
had four babies at one birth, Frank, and they
are all girls and all alive and doing well."

"Come off now; you are codding me."

Frank did not work any more that day.
The chisels he would have forged remained
cold steel, and his apron hung there on the
little hook unused. He went up to his
mother-in-law's to assure himself that the
news was true, and stood there looking at
those four little pink lumps of palpitating
flesh for a long while. His mouth twitched
and his eyes looked longer and brighter
than was their wont. Sometimes he rubbed!
the sprouting stubble on his chin and anon
he ran his grimed fingers through his light,
silken hair. It was evident that ne stood face
to face with a tremendous problem, which he
was unable to solve. It was a mystery which
a deeper mind than his must fathor.

to face with a tremendous problem, which he was unable to solve. It was a mystery which a deeper mind than his must fathom. When he had fed his eyes upon the sight before him and pinched himself to make sure that he was not in a dream or under some spell of witchcraft, he turned slowly away and said:

"Who would have thought it?"

Then his friends took him in hand and led him downtown. He was gone all of the afternoon and until late in the evening.

The quartet was there when he got home. Not expecting so much company, Mrs. De Groote had not made sufficient preparations for entertaining her guests, but kind neighbors and deft fingers soon supplied the lack, and on the arrival of the proud father they were all dressed in nice white clothing and holding a reception in the big front room.

"We have named them, too," said the grandmother.

"Is that so? Where did you find papers.

grandmother.
"Is that so? Where did you find names

for so—so many?"

"Oh, we got them all right. The oldest and largest we have called Laura, the second is Anna, the third is Alica, and the little wee pale one we call Lillian. Don't you think they are pretty names?"

"I think so," raplied Frank absent. think so," replied Frank, absent-

The story of how Mrs. De Groote had held The story of how Mrs. De Groote had held a winning hand and beaten all the women of the State by having "four queens" went from mouth to mouth all over the county. Visitors came by pairs and half dozens and dozens and scores. The house was besieged by callers from early in the forenoon until away along into the evening. If all the interjections and other exclamatory words and phrases which have been untered over those four babies were bricks they would build a wall 4 feet high and 4 feet wide clean around the State of Massachusett. People came in carriages and on foot from miles away. So the k were the teams in front of the house

carriages and on foot from miles away. So
thek were the teams in front of the house
that a stranger passing by asked if there was
a funeral at the place.

And a funeral came all too soon. Little
Lillian, 'airy, fairy Lillian" the threepound mite who came last into the world,
was the first to lead the way to the stars. She
had always been the weakest of the four. So
diminutive was she that her head would easily
to into a teacup, and an ordinary finger ring "You have come to pass the day with me.

Anna?" said Mrs. Nudick.
"I have, niother, if you are willing," was the reply of Mrs. De Groote, the visitor.
"And the children, Anna, where are they?"
"I left them at home, and told them to care for the tires."
"No. He took his dinner to the factory.
I will Frank be up to dinner?"
"No. He took his dinner to the factory.
I will go home to get his supper."
"Take off your things." That was all.
"Things," in country vernacular, means hat and outside wraps. The disrobing was soon done. Then Mrs. De Groote sat down and began to talk with her mother. The oldest boy must have a new pair of shoes; the second girl needed a new dress, and Frank's paints," were getting the worse for wear. It was hard for a poor man on \$16 a week to feed and clothe a wife and five small children. Sometimes she felt that marriage was a failure.

Sometimes she felt that marriage was a failure.

Lillian was dead.

It was a simple funeral. A white robe. awhite coffin and a white hearse, and a little procession winding away over white hills among the falling snowflakes; that was all. The coffin was the smallest ever made for human being. It was 15 inches long and only 4 inches wide at the widest part. The burial robe was no longer than a pocket handkerchief, and a white rosebud which rested on the still breast was longer than the hand that clasped it.

Two weeks have passed since the funeral,

Two weeks have passed since the funeral, and the survivors are healthy and growing fast. They are likely to live to old age. They are still at the home of their grandmother, and the De Groote house on Reveland street is unoccupied. The three children lie crossways in a little crib in the sitting-room and pay no head to the many callers who ceme and go. Photographs of the four taken in a group are sold by Mrs. De Groote to all visitors. No fee is charged for seeing the babies. Frank De Groote has gone back to work at his forge. He hammers until the sparks fly, and goes home and until the sparks fly, and goes bome and bammers his brain to devise means of feeding

banmers his brain to devise means of feeding so many little ones.

Fersonally he is a short, stout, fair-complexioned little man, thirty-six years of age, and neither ugly nor prepossessing in his looks. He is just an ordinary every-day workingman. He likes beer and cigars, and when he can afford the expense he has them. When he cannot, a black pipe and a cup of water have to do. He was born in Pruesia, and came to this country when young. Mrs. De Groote was born in New York City of German parents. They met, loved and married in this town.

Both the Nadicks and the De Grootes have had large families for generations, but this is the first instance on either side where more than one child came into the world at a confinement.

Gill Ford.

GILL FORD. Miss Letty's Silver King.

Miss Letty Lind's Silver King turns out to be

Mr. Reginald Pell, a wealthy Australian, whom

she will marry next Autumn, according to her plans published yesterday in THE EVENING

MORLD. Before she sails for Australia next August Miss Lind will play a short farewell engagement at the Gaiety Theatre. London, where she first schieved her Tarpsichorean fame. Miss Lind is greatly esteemed by the members of the Gaiety Company, who will be sorry to lose her.

Young Dempsey at the Fire. In regard to the fire at 146 East Broadway on last Sunday night, suffice it to say that I did save the children, as reported in your paper. I send you this note to let you know that it was me that saved them, as reported.
JOHN'S T. DEMPSEY, 129 East Broadway.

The Museums Should Be Opened to the People on Sundays.

The Evening Openings Are Only an Entering Wedge.

People and Press Unite in Urging That the Doors Be Open Sundays.

As stated in yesterday's Evening World Gen, di Cesnola, H. G. Marquand and Mr. Weston appeared before the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and asked for an extra appropriation of \$15,000 for the Metropolitan Museum, urging that there was need of more watchmen and attendants for the protection of the magnificent collection of works of art there. President Dowling immediately declared

vision that the museum be opened Sundays Whereat the old objection was raised which led Mayor Hewitt to exclaim : " I am sorry for the man who is going to meet his naker who would deprive his fellow-men o

that he was favorable to the idea only on pro-

a lovely Sunday among works of art." After some discussion a compromise wa reached and the appropriation granted on the condition that the museum be opened for free admission two evenings each week.

This is only a compromise, but it is better than nothing. There were 16,000 visitors to the museum on Christmas Day, and this is a fair indication of how quickly and with wha avidity the toilers whose every days are occupied in earning their bread, seize upon

cupied in earning their bread, seize upon every opportunity to visit the Museum, and it proves that they enjoy and appreciate the display there.

The Evening World has always urged that the Metropolitan Museum be open on Sundays and that certain evenings be set apart for the "emmon people" to visit the many places of free amusement provided for the city by generous people who have been favored by fortune and assisted to wealth by the sweat of the brow of the worker.

The movement to have the Metropolitan Museum of Art at Central Park opened on Sunday was met by opposition from those having the management of that institution,

Sunday was met by opposition from those having the management of that institution, who declared that many people who would otherwise give of their wealth to the institution would withhold it if Sunday were thus desecrated.

The management is not at the control of the control The museum is now, thanks to the generosty and patriotism of such persons as the late Catharine Wolf, Judge Henry Hilton and Cornelius Vanderbilt, the foremost art gallery in America. But even Puritan Boston and Quaker Phil-

But even Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia are more considerate of their working people than is New York for their museums are opened wide on Sundays and are visited and enjoyed by countless thousands every year; thousands who are educated, entertained and elevated by their visits; thousands who find in those free exhibitions entertainment for hours that would otherwise be dull and dreary and possibly worse.

The people of New York built their museum; the people pay the expenses of maintaining the establishment, and the people are entitled to a full and complete enjoyment of their own property.

It is to be hoped that the museum will be opened on Sundays, and that before very long, too. Why should not some one make a big bequest, with the proviso that the museum be opened Sunday. That might settle the difficulty in short order.

bead-like eyes, was seen walking on his hind The evening opening is at least an entering Nearly every newspaper in New York unites in voicing the demand of the people that they be permitted to see their own art museum on the Sabbath.

The Land of Neverwas.

[From the Yankee Blade.] Where are all those shining valleys which we need to sing and rhyme. Purple with the clustered fruitage of the har-vest's fields of time? vost's fields of time?
Where are all those young ambitions, framed in rainbows, aureoled
With a halo mist of glory woven from the sunset's gold?
Gone before their realization, like effects without a cause, Vanished in the misty limbo of the Land of

Where are all those toppling castles, turret-tipped with moonlit glows, Gay with youths and laughing maidens, thro' Gay with youths and laughing maidens, thro'
their echoing porticoes?
Where are those aerial brownstones with their
gargoyles of red mist,
Touched with sardonyx and topaz and with gold
and amethyst?
They have floated on the Summer clouds that
never wait nor pause,
Down below the dim horizon of the Land of
Neverwas!

Where are all those golden galleons floating on the tideless seas.
With their sendal sails distended, bound for the
Hesperides.
Sailing thro' the dancing dolphins, thro' the archipelagoes. Where each wafted breeze is heavy with the cinnamou and rose?

Ah, their hulks have turned to shadow and their sails have turned to gauze.

And, like dream ships, they have vanished in the Land of Neverwas! Tis the purple land of rainbows on an island far

away, None but little folks and babies 'neath its fronded branches stray:
Never does a bird of passage land upon its towering cliff.
But sometimes a daring poet sees it from his dream-blown skiff.
But when he tried to sing of it men neither heed nor pause,
For most men are disbelievers in the Land of
Neverwas!

Sunday Night Novelty at the Academy. A rather novel concert programme will be pre-sented by Dockstader's Minstrels at the Academy of Music Sunday night. The occasion is fitting commensoration of the close of the season of the band of merry minstrels in this city, and there is little doubt that lovers of sweet singing will enjoy a rich treat in the programme to be presented. Besides Dockstader himself there will be Sweatnam, that awfully funny feithere will be Sweatham, that awfully funny fel-low who has become a shining favorite in New York and a prime feature at Dockstaders. In fact, all the comedians will take part, minus burnt cork, however. The balladista are Mc-Wade, Jose, Pepper and Pavis. Levy, the cor-netist, is announced as a special card.

Sojourning at Gotham's Hotels W. H. Stamper, of Richmond, and E. S. Hil-brun, of Boston, are at the Sturtevant, Walter Wilson, of Montreal; C. A. Prince Alfred Winser, of Boston, and Henry Ma Washington, are at the Albemarle.

Among the Bartholdi guests are C. Healy, of Boston; C. C. Colby, of Erie, Pa.; G. R. Haines, of Buffalo, and J. W. Delaney, of Syracuse. John Cochran, jr., of Boston; John A. Breid-ler, of Cleveland, and Charles M. Rur, of Eric, Pa., are guests at the Fifth Avenue. Thomas McCarthy, of Syracuse; Albert Cerf., of San Francisco; L. Brown, of Warren, Pa., and A. Y. Yates, of Rochester, are at the Hoffman.

Registered at the St. James are A. C. Hawkins. of Bradford. Pa.; C. G. Lamb, of Chicago; F. H. Venn, of Memphis, Tenn., and E. M. Sanger. of Buffalo. Prominent at the Hotel Brunswick are Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Whitehead, of England; M. R. Abbott, of Boston, and W. W. H. Stevenson, of Bridgeport.

Conspicuous at the Gilsey House are C. H. Bacall, of Boston; F. S. Upton, of Rochester; M. E. Olmsted, of Harrisburg, and Emil W. Maehler, of Chicago.

E. B. Wingste, of Kansas City; J. W. Monahan, of Cleveland; Andrew Laughlin, of Buffalo, and George R. Eager, of Boston, are among recent arrivals at the Grand.

OST extraordinary and remarkable! second day after Christmas, disagreeable weather and still a great, driving trade at BLOOMINGDALE'S. Yet it's easily accounted for. People know that a Horizontal Reduction of 25 per cent. from BLOOMINGDALE'S low prices means an unsparing cut into cost and an uncommon Harvest for

buyers. What are reduced? Not merely Dolls, Toys and a few Fancy Goods, but our entire stock of Furs, comprising Muffs, Boas, Collars, Cuffs, &c., &c.; Religious Books, comprising Bibles, Prayer-Books, Hymnals, &c.; Imported Down Comfortables with Silk, Satin and Sateen Coverings: Men's Dressing Gowns, Smoking Jackets and House Coats: Gold and Silver Mounted Canes and Umbrellas; Fine Stationery, Albums, Writing Desks, &c.; Watches, Fine French Clocks, Diamond Rings, Earrings, Scarf Pins and fine Gold and Plated Jewelry; Opera Glasses, Gold Spectacles, &c.; all our Plush and Leather Fancy Goods, and our magnificent stock of Art Goods, comprising French Bronze and Italian Marble Statuary, Bisque and Terra Cotta Figures, Real Onyx Clocks, Pedestals, Tables and Cabinets and a beautiful collection of Paintings, Etchings, Engravings, &c.

Bear in mind that there is no re-marking of goods or changing of prices. Every article is marked at our regular selling price, which, as it stands now, is very much lower than the same quality can be bought elsewhere. And for this week only we deduct from that price an extra cash discount of 25 per cent.

It's a bold stroke to reduce stock—absolutely the occasion of the year for the thrifty buyer.

**OPEN EVENINGS.** 

# Bloomingdale Bros.,

Third Ave. and 59th St.

CAUGHT IN THE EDDIES.

Passing Phases of Men and Things in the Great Metropolis. A little Irish terrier about the size of a kit-

ten, with iron-gray whiskers and bright,

legs, with a clay pipe in his mouth, in front of an uptown hotel the other evening. The dog was smoking vigorously, blowing the smoke from his mouth in the most approved fashion under the eye of a stout man of forty-five years. His strange conduct attracted a crowd, and the proud owner put a

motion to adjourn to the hotel barroom, which was unanimously carried. 'Smoke like an Irishman," said the man, when comfortably seated. Accordingly he sat bolt upright on a chair, with folded forepaws, and puffed stolidly at

the pipe.

"Be a dead dog."

The dog stretched himself out rigidly, with a pathetic folding of the forepaws.

He was given 10 cents, which he held in his mouth, and was asked if he would take a his mouth, and was asked if he would take a

his mouth, and was asked if he would take a rum shrub, cocktail, gin fizz, sherry cobbler, brandy smash or whiskey straight.

At the words "Whiskey straight" up jumped the dog, gave a succession or sharp yelps and running behind the bar dropped the dime into the barkeeper's hand. He refused to touch the whiskey, however.

Next his master whistled a lively waltz and the dog danced the regular waltz step on his

Next his master whistled a lively water and the dog danced the regular waltz step on his hind legs.

"Now, Actor, pretend you're at church."
The dog, sitting erect, folded his forepaws and bent his head forward till it rested upon them, keeping it there till his master said "Amen."

Actor was given a newspaper. He held it Actor was given a newspaper. He held it between his forepass and emitted a series of

pottween his forepaws and emitted a series of grunts. He was reading.

"Now, read about a murder," and the terrier growled at a tremendous rate.

The most comical sight of all, however, was when the dog was given a doll's carriage to wheel. He strutted mincingly along, pushing it before him, smoking his pipe.

Belle Urquhart Has Her Hobby and Thereby Hangs a Tale.

Belle Urquhart, the buxom and beauteous prima donna of the "Yeoman of the Goard Company at the Casino, lives in quiet elegance with her matronly, beautiful mother on the third floor of the St. John flats, her broad windows overlooking Broadway. Miss Urquhart has a fad, and she leaves

memento of her hobby wherever she has her whilom abode. An Evening World reporter chancing to call upon a friend in the Lorena flats, Third avenue and Twenty-seventh street, expressed

in his gaze some curiosity regarding a mirror which filled the whole space allotted to a door in the parlor and swung upon hinges.

He was informed that Miss Urquhart once occupied that flat, and it was she who substituted this mirror for the door.

This is her fad.

stituted this mirror for the door.

This is her fad.

Her luxurious apartments in the St. John abound in mirrors. Diagonally across each corner of her drawing-room is a closet. This makes the room octagonal in shape.

But each closet door is a mirror, and thus the tall and round and fair Isabelle, turn which way she will, drop into which of the odd and luxurious chairs she will, she is confronted with the reflection of her own ample person. In her music-room adjoining are two of

In her music-room adjoining are two of these big mirrors, one at either end and on an angle with her piano. Aff the mirrors are bevelled and 7 feet tall and 2½ feet wide.

These two rooms are decorated with paper of ecru ground and an undecided figure in flitter gold and copper. The frieze is eighteen inches deep in ecru, with a conventional flower of the sunflower order in blue and the ceiling is of silver flitter effect.

On the walls are a score of portraits of the fair mistress of the house in costume, out of costume and in the stire of an ordinary, unprofessional beauty, all of which would seem to indicate that Miss Urguhart indorses the opinion of her male admirers, that she is nice to look at.

A Discovery Which Cheapens a Fornaldable

Rival to Marble and Alabaster.

Petrified wood has hitherto been very searce, and a piece of it was looked upon as a curiosity, but a large "farm" of it was dis-

covered in Arizona Territory recently, and is now being utilized in the manufacture

fancy ornaments, various articles of jewelry clock-faces and for table-tops.

In appearance it greatly resembles Iak Superior moss-agate, being clear and dark. I contains all colors, and when moved refise them in ruyriad hues. It is so hard that cold chisel fails to make the slightest impression on its surface, and in order to contains. sion on its surface, and in order to cut it a diamond point is brought into play. It is found some distance underground, in logs one or two feet long. It is very heavy, and one or two feet long. It is very heavy, and quite expensive.

After being taken from the ground it is sent to Dakota to be cut and polished. When cut the gram of the tree is plainly visible, and it reflects the colors in such a way as to make a pretty appearance. It is largely used in making umbrella handles, and tops for small flower stands.

An Interesting Controversy. [From Harper's Basar.]
Bobby—They were talking about you last night. Mr. Featherly. Mr. Featherly—Is that so, Bobby? Bobby—Yes; about your being nomely enough to stop a clock. Mr. Featherly (anxiously)—Who said I was, Bobby? Bobby—Ma. Mr. Featherly (much relieved)—Oh, your ma! And what did your sister Clara say? Bobby—She didn't think so. Mr. Featherly—Bless her—h'm—er—did she think I was handsome? Bobby (hesitatingly)—Well—er—n\_nor. she said she didn't think you could stop a clock, but she thought you might make it lose time yery fast. homely enough to stop a clock. Mr

Open Debate at Cooper Union To-Night. The National Debating Association will hold s regular debate at 7.30 this evening in the large meeting room of Cooper Union, on the ques-tion, 'Is the Church, as an Economic Institu-tion, Beneficial to Society?" The discussion will be open to all.

stories in the Century with an article entitled "How I Got Them." Doubtless Mr. Cable makes the cause of his misfortune plain in his confession, but we presume he "got'em" in the same old way.

[From the St. Louis Post-Disputch.]
Novelist Cable begins his series of Louisians.

Making Both Ends Meet. [From Texas S(flings.]

A.—This has been a hard year on me. B .- Haven't you been able to make both ends

"No; the nearest we come to making both ends meet in our family is when the baby puts his toes in his mouth."

Among the Labor Men. The Metal Workers' Section did not materialize last night. Six men waited for a seventh, but the seventh never came, and therefore no quorum was the result.

the seventh never came, and therefore no quorum was the result.

The so-called "'paper" labor unions will be knocked out if the amendment to the rules of the Central Labor Union requiring at least twenty-five bona fide members in each organization is adopted.

A resolution was passed by the Food-Producers' Section last night requesting the Central Labor Union to inform it what the duties of the Non-Intercourse Committee are.

It is thought by the leaders of National District Assembly 226 that the street railway companies will all acquiesce in the terms of the agreement to be presented by Jan. 1. It is not likely that any radical changes in the presents schedules will be demanded by the employees."

The committee appointed by the Food Pro-

schedules will be demanded by the employees.

The committee appointed by the Food Producers' Section to call on Major Sauer, proprietor of the Atalanta Casino, and investigate the charge that that gentleman gave non-union bartenders the preference, last night reported that the bartenders employed are union men, but in arrears. Matters were settled by the delinquents paying up back dues.

The Feather-Workers' unions will present their new scale to the manufacturers next Wednesday. It is said that the Cohnfeld Company threatens to shut down if any attempt is made to enforce the scale. None of the manufacturers deny the justice of the demands for riving wages, but they say that the state of the trade will not warrant them in paying the prices required.

Pains and Aches in various parts of the body, more particularly in the back, shoulders and joints, are the unwelcome indisti-tions that rheumatism has gained a footbold, and you are